

A  
FLEETWAY  
LIBRARY

**WAR**  
**PICTURE**  
**LIBRARY**

№ 222

1/-

The illustration depicts a tank in the center, firing its main gun towards the right. The tank is dark-colored with a yellow diamond-shaped insignia on its side. Several soldiers are visible on top of the tank. To the right of the tank, there is a large, intense explosion with bright yellow and orange flames. In the foreground, the silhouettes of soldiers are visible against a bright, fiery background. One soldier on the left is looking towards the tank, while another on the right is looking towards the explosion. The overall scene is one of intense battle.

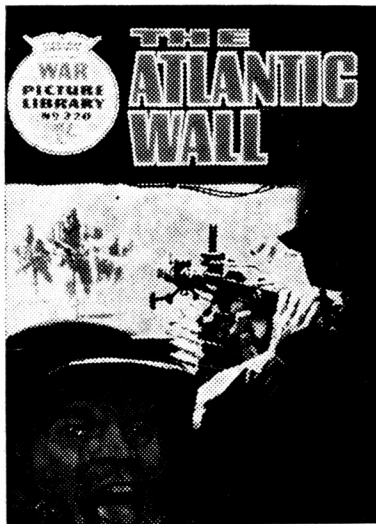
# ROAD to BERLIN

**ALSO ON SALE NOW**  
**FOR WAR THRILLS . . . ACTION . . . DRAMA . . .**

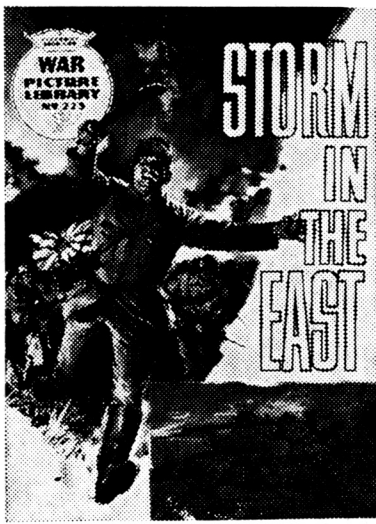
# **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY**

**No. 220—THE ATLANTIC WALL**

**No. 223—STORM IN THE EAST**



Gun in hand, he stormed the beaches of Normandy with his men and they would have followed him into the inferno itself.



The Japanese hordes descended on Singapore, and he found himself caught in the web of the strange cult he had vowed to smash . . .

**ALSO ON SALE NOW :—**

**No. 221—H-HOUR**

Next month's **FOUR** thrilling **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY** issues, on sale 6th January, are :—

**No. 224—ADVANCE**

**No. 225—SURPRISE AND KILL**

**No. 226—ROUGH PASSAGE**

**No. 227—DEVIL'S ISLAND**



# ROAD TO BERLIN

THE LADDER OF PROMOTION TAPERS OFF AS A MAN CLIMBS UP IT. THE STEPS BECOME MORE DIFFICULT AND ONLY OFFICERS OF ABILITY AND BURNING AMBITION EVENTUALLY REACH THE SUMMIT.

I KNOW, COLONEL! PERHAPS, ONE DAY...

YES, HE WAS THE FINEST OFFICER WE EVER HAD, JEFFERY. THE REGIMENT HAS NEVER PRODUCED ANOTHER FIELD-MARSHAL.

CAPTAIN JEFFERY WADE HAD THE AMBITION — ONLY TIME WOULD TELL IF HE HAD THE ABILITY.

## Chapter 1. *Best Man Wins*

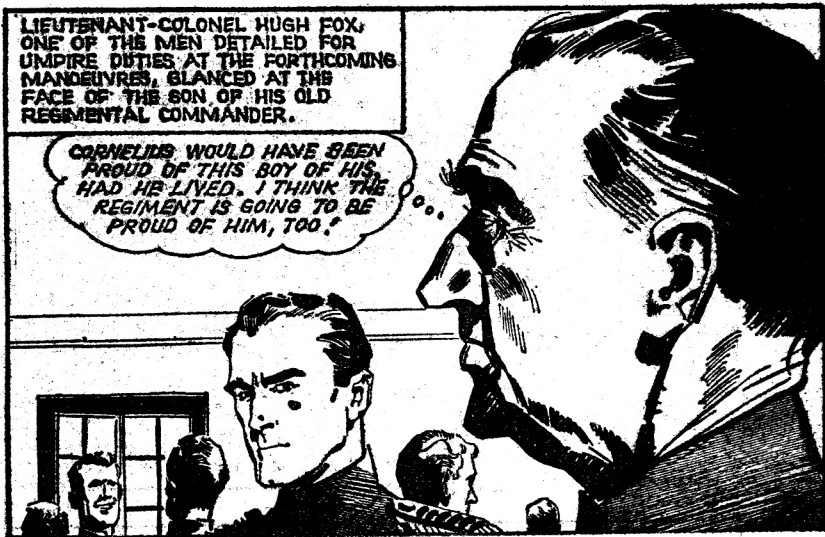
AFTER DINNER, THE C.O. BROKE A RULE AND TALKED "SHOP" IN THE MESS. THE IMPORTANCE OF THE TIME EXCUSED HIM FOR IT WAS THE AUTUMN OF 1938 AND THE ARMY KNEW WAR WOULD COME — SOONER OR LATER.

THESE MANOEUVRES TOMORROW, GENTLEMEN, ARE MORE THAN WAR GAMES. THE OBSERVERS ARE TOP BRASS FROM THE WAR HOUSE. I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU WHAT A GOOD REPORT CAN DO FOR AN OFFICER...



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HUGH FOX, ONE OF THE MEN DETAILED FOR UMPIRE DUTIES AT THE FORTHCOMING MANOEUVRES, GLANCED AT THE FACE OF THE SON OF HIS OLD REGIMENTAL COMMANDER.

CORNELIUS WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD OF THIS BOY OF HIS. HAD HE LIVED. I THINK THE REGIMENT IS GOING TO BE PROUD OF HIM, TOO.



THE FRIENDLINESS OFF THE STAFF OFFICER FOR JEFFERY WADE DID NOT GO UNOBSERVED, CAPTAIN PETER LOCKWOOD OF 'B' SQUADRON COULD NOT RESIST A BARBED REMARK.

GETTING FRIENDLY WITH THE UMPIRES WON'T HELP YOU, WADE! 'B' SQUADRON IS GOING TO GIVE YOU A CANING TOMORROW!

LOCKWOOD!  
YOU -

STEADY,  
OLD  
BOY!

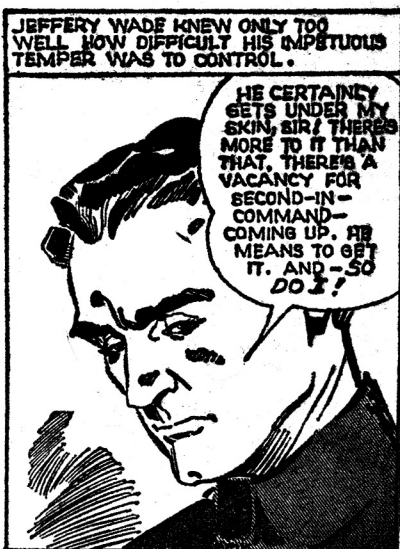
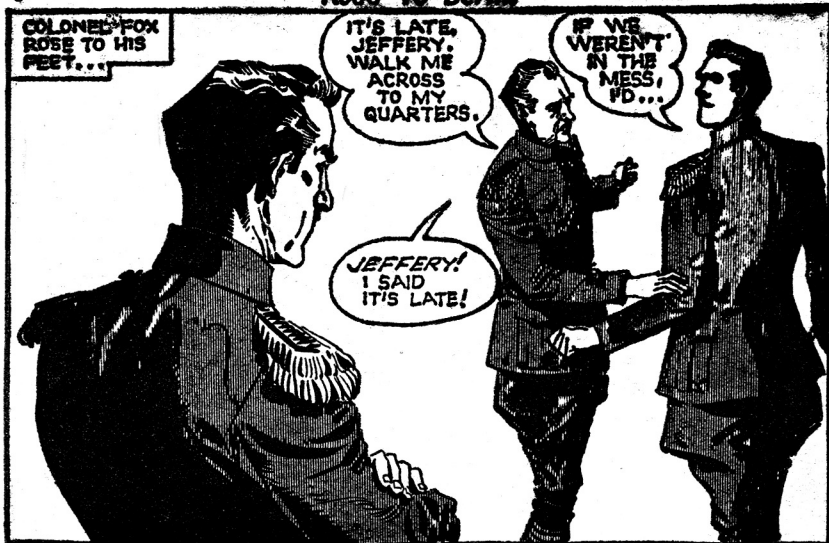
THERE WAS A MAJOR'S VACANCY IN THE REGIMENT AND THE TWO CAPTAINS HAD EQUAL SENIORITY. LOCKWOOD'S SHARP TONGUE WIDENED THE TEMPERAMENTAL WADE.

FAMILY FRIENDS ARE ALWAYS USEFUL, AREN'T THEY? NOTHING LIKE THE 'OLD BOY ACT' WHEN IT'S MOST NEEDED!



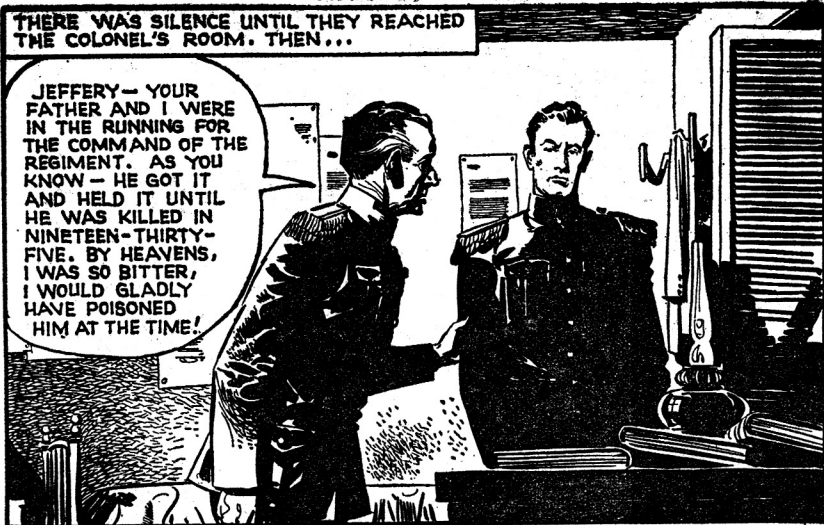


# Road To Berlin



THERE WAS SILENCE UNTIL THEY REACHED THE COLONEL'S ROOM. THEN...

JEFFERY - YOUR FATHER AND I WERE IN THE RUNNING FOR THE COMMAND OF THE REGIMENT. AS YOU KNOW - HE GOT IT AND HELD IT UNTIL HE WAS KILLED IN NINETEEN-THIRTY-FIVE. BY HEAVENS, I WAS SO BITTER, I WOULD GLADLY HAVE POISONED HIM AT THE TIME!



THE VOICE TOOK ON A REMINISCENT TONE.

LATER, WHEN I'D COOLED DOWN, I REALISED THE BEST MAN HAD WON AND I GOT OUT ON TO THE STAFF. REMEMBER THAT, JEFFERY. IN THE END IT IS ALWAYS THE BEST MAN WHO WINS!



IN HIS OWN ROOM, WADE TOOK A SMALL BOX FROM A LOCKED DRAWER: IN IT WERE TWO METAL CROWNS - THE BADGES OF RANK OF A MAJOR!

AND I AM GOING TO PROVE THAT I'M A BETTER MAN THAN THAT ASS, LOCKWOOD!



## Road To Berlin

FOR THE NEXT THREE DAYS, CAPTAIN JEFFERY WADE'S TANK SQUADRON REPRESENTED THE ENTIRE ARMOUR OF THE INVADING "REDLAND" FORCE. AT THE END OF THE THIRD DAY...

WHAT'S THE FORM NOW, BRIGADIER?

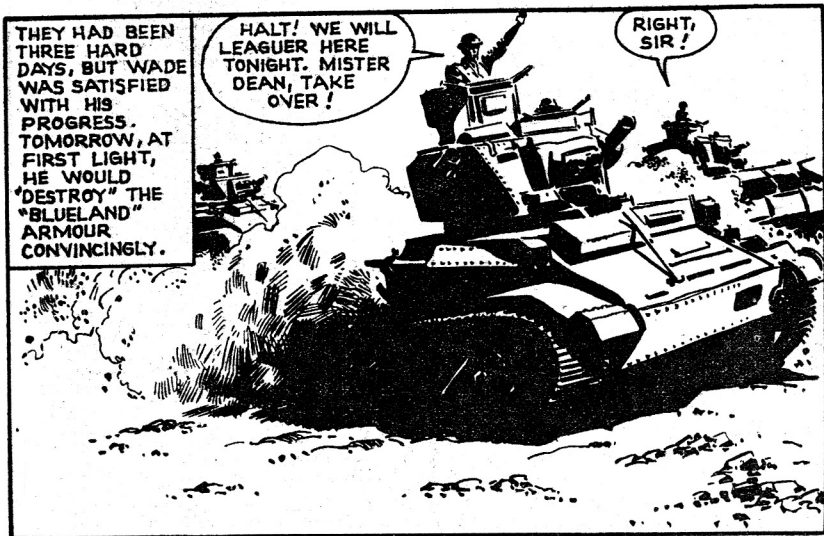
'REDLAND' HAVE NOW WORKED THEMSELVES INTO AN ATTACKING POSITION, SIR. I UNDERSTAND THEY INTEND TO MAKE THE VITAL ONSLAUGHT AT FIRST LIGHT TOMORROW.



THEY HAD BEEN THREE HARD DAYS, BUT WADE WAS SATISFIED WITH HIS PROGRESS. TOMORROW, AT FIRST LIGHT, HE WOULD "DESTROY" THE "BLUELAND" ARMOUR CONVINCINGLY.

HALT! WE WILL LEAGUER HERE TONIGHT. MISTER DEAN, TAKE OVER!

RIGHT, SIR!





## Road To Berlin

9

HE WENT FORWARD TO STUDY THE LIE OF THE LAND AND FOUND LIEUTENANT COLONEL FOX ON THE RIDGE.

WELL, COLONEL, HOW DO YOU THINK WE'RE DOING?

YOU'LL KNOW THAT WHEN MY REPORT IS WRITTEN! THERE ARE THE SAPPERS GOING AHEAD TO TAP TOMORROW'S ROUTE...



AS HE WALKED BACK TO THE TANK HARBOUR, WADE'S MIND WAS FULL OF THE NEXT MORNING'S ATTACK. BUT, BEHIND HIM, FOX WAS MAKING A NOTE ON HIS PAD... REDLAND ARMoured COMMANDER HAS FORGOTTEN THE OLD RULE - TIME SPENT ON RECONNAISSANCE IS SELDOM WASTED!



IT WAS TO BE A COSTLY LAPSE OF MEMORY! FOR OUT ON THE MOOR, A SOLITARY FIGURE HIDDEN IN THE LEAFY BRANCHES OF A TREE, PEERED THROUGH HIS FIELD GLASSES.

SO THAT IS GOING TO BE THE ROUTE! MOST INTERESTING!



DUSK WAS FALLING, BUT THERE WAS ENOUGH LIGHT FOR CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD TO SEE THE "REDLAND" SAPPERS GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS OF MINE-SWEEPING AND ROUTE-TAPING.



## Road To Berlin

11

IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING, THE TANKS OF "BLUELAND" SLIPPED THROUGH THE DARKNESS. CAPTAIN PETER LOCKWOOD WAS MAKING HIS DISPOSITIONS.

YES! LIFT ALL THE TAPE!  
ROLL IT UP, BOYS! I'LL SHOW YOU  
WHERE TO PUT IT! THIS WILL BE  
ONE ROUTE THAT WE'VE GOT  
TAPED!



BEFORE DAWN, THE "REDLAND" FORCES HAD FORMED UP AT THE START-LINE AND AS THE SUN TINGED THE CLOUDS IN THE EAST WITH ITS FIRST LIGHT...

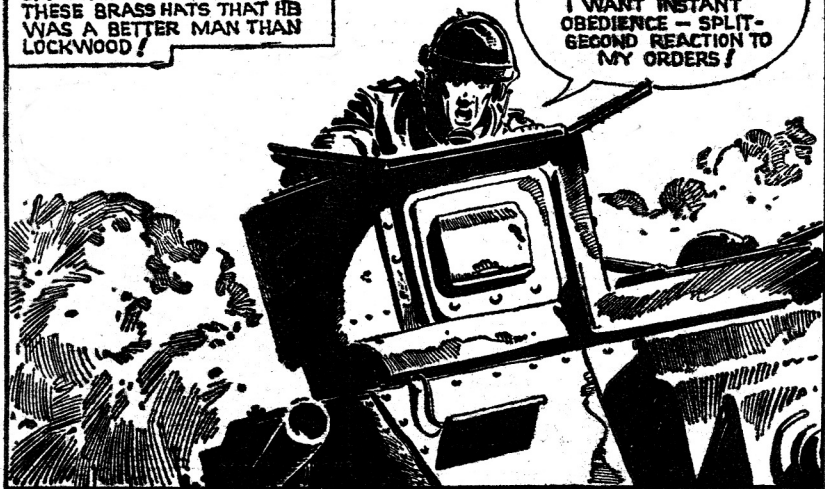
PREPARE  
TO MOVE!  
FORWARD!





EXCITEMENT WELLED WITHIN WADE. THIS WAS HIS OPPORTUNITY TO SHOW THESE BRASS HATS THAT HE WAS A BETTER MAN THAN LOCKWOOD!

RED ONE TO ALL TANKS. THE BATTALION WILL FOLLOW ME. I WANT INSTANT OBEDIENCE - SPLIT-SECOND REACTION TO MY ORDERS!



IN THE ACCOMPANYING UMPIRE'S CAR, HUGH FOX NOTED THE WAY THE SQUADRON WAS BEING HANDLED.

STEADY, BOY! DON'T RUSH YOUR FENCES! BY JOVE, THAT YOUNG SPROG OF WADE'S GOES HELL-FOR-LEATHER AND THE DEVIL TAKE THE HANDS!

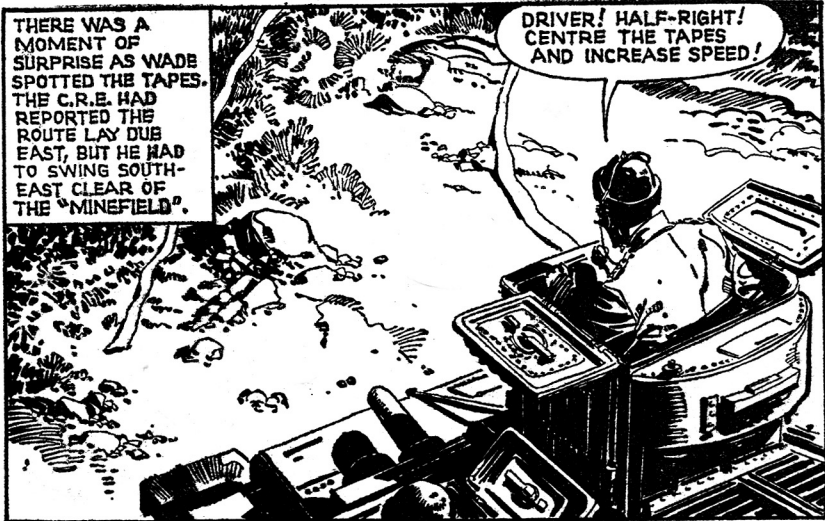
I AM GOING STRAIGHT FOR THE WOODED COUNTRY. THE ROUTE THROUGH THE MINEFIELD HAS BEEN TAPED.



UP THE REVERSE SLOPE AND INTO THE THICKER, DENSER COUNTRY BEYOND WENT THE "REDLAND" ARMOUR...

THERE WAS A MOMENT OF SURPRISE AS WAD SPOTTED THE TAPES. THE C.R.E. HAD REPORTED THE ROUTE LAY DUE EAST, BUT HE HAD TO SWING SOUTH-EAST CLEAR OF THE "MINEFIELD".

DRIVER! HALF-RIGHT! CENTRE THE TAPES AND INCREASE SPEED!



HAD HIS SPEED BEEN LESS HE MIGHT HAVE HAD TIME TO STOP, BUT AS IT WAS...

HALT!  
FOR PITY'S  
SAKE,  
HALT!



## Road To Berlin

AS THE CHAOS SPREAD, THE "BUSHES" WERE THROWN ASIDE TO REVEAL THE ARMOUR AND TWO-POUNDER TANK GUNS OF THE "DEFENDERS". THE BLANK AMMO ROARED ...







THE DAY'S GREAT HOPES WERE COLLAPSING ROUND JEFFERY WADE.

YOU MEAN THE DECISION HAS GONE AGAINST US?

BUT OF COURSE, YOU WERE COMPLETELY OUTWITTED. YOU MADE OTHER MISTAKES, TOO. THEY'LL GO INTO MY REPORT.



THE WORDS SPRANG TO HIS LIPS, URGED ON BY BITTER ANGER.

YOU'VE NEVER FORGIVEN MY FATHER GETTING THE REGIMENT HAVE YOU, FOX? THIS IS A ROTTEN WAY OF GETTING YOUR OWN BACK!

WADE! HOW DARE YOU?



FOX BIT BACK A RASPING RETORT. CORNELIUS WADE HAD BEEN HOT-HEADED AT HIS FENCES, TOO. IT HAD COST HIM HIS LIFE IN THE END. BUT HE HAD BEEN A FIRST-RATE C.O.

WADE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU!

YOU'VE SAID ENOUGH! I'M GOING FOR THE RECOVERY VEHICLES!

OR TO LICK YOUR WOUNDS, OLD BOY?



JEFFERY HAD BEEN MADE TO LOOK A FOOL AND THE SHAME DROVE HIM TO ESCAPE IN THE FIRST VEHICLE IN SIGHT, THAT IT WAS THE UMPIRE'S CAR MATTERED NOTHING TO HIM.

JEFFERY!  
DON'T BE A  
FOOL! IT'S  
ONLY A GAME!

AND  
I LOST! YOU  
SAW TO  
THAT, ALL  
RIGHT!

IN HIS BLIND FURY, HE RAMMED HIS FOOT ON THE ACCELERATOR  
AND THE POWERFUL CAR SURGED FORWARD.

BLESS  
MY SOUL!  
THE MAN'S  
DANGEROUS!



## Road To Berlin

THE MIST IN HIS EYES CLEARED IN TIME FOR HIM TO SWERVE VIOLENTLY, MISSING THE STAFF OFFICERS BY INCHES. BUT THE SWERVE WAS TOO VIOLENT.

A RAVING LUNATIC, BY JOVE! DID YOU SEE THAT? HE NEARLY KILLED ME!

HE'S NEARLY KILLED HIMSELF, SIR, I SHOULDN'T WONDER!

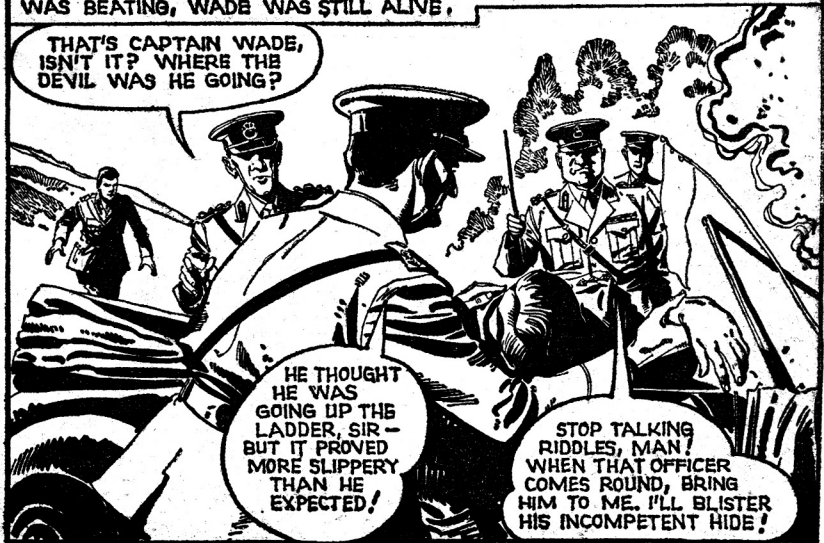


FOY HURRIED TO THE WRECK AND GRABBED WADE'S ARM. THE PULSE WAS BEATING, WADE WAS STILL ALIVE.

THAT'S CAPTAIN WADE, ISN'T IT? WHERE THE DEVIL WAS HE GOING?

HE THOUGHT HE WAS GOING UP THE LADDER, SIR - BUT IT PROVED MORE SLIPPERY THAN HE EXPECTED!

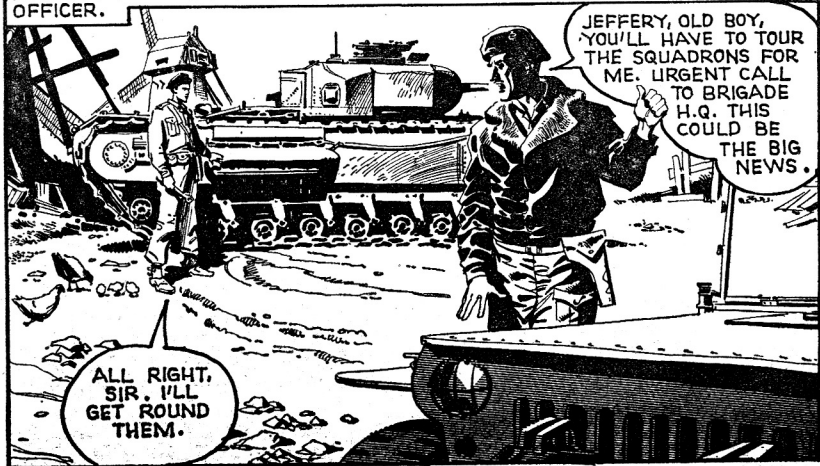
STOP TALKING RIDDLES, MAN! WHEN THAT OFFICER COMES ROUND, BRING HIM TO ME. I'LL BLISTER HIS INCOMPETENT HIDE!





## Chapter 2. Bridgehead

THE MISTAKE HE HAD MADE ON THE MANOEUVRES DRAGGED ON JEFFERY WADE'S CAREER LIKE AN ANCHOR. IT WAS SEPTEMBER, 1944, BEFORE HE BECAME SECOND-IN-COMMAND OF THE REGIMENT. PETER LOCKWOOD WAS HIS COMMANDING OFFICER.



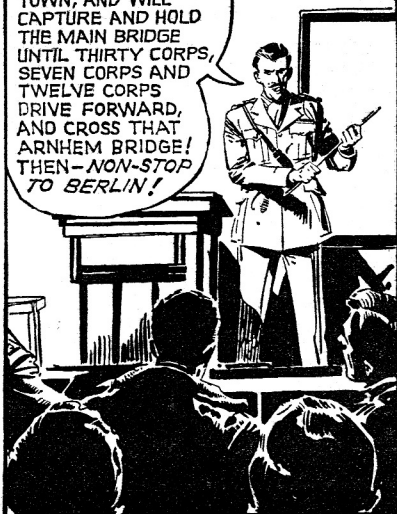
SOON, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LOCKWOOD WAS LISTENING TO HIS BRIGADIER WITH THE OTHER ARMoured BRIGADE C.O.'S.



THE TANK OFFICERS STIRRED EAGERLY ON THEIR UNCOMFORTABLE SEATS.



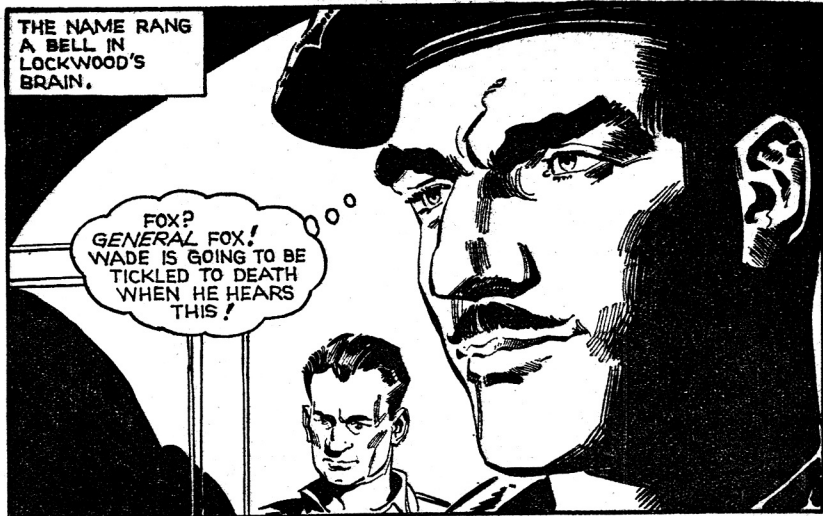
FIRST AIRBORNE WILL BE DROPPED IN THE TOWN, AND WILL CAPTURE AND HOLD THE MAIN BRIDGE UNTIL THIRTY CORPS, SEVEN CORPS AND TWELVE CORPS DRIVE FORWARD, AND CROSS THAT ARNHEM BRIDGE! THEN—NON-STOP TO BERLIN!



THE NEXT TWO HOURS WERE SPENT DISCUSSING THE BRIGADE'S ROLE IN THAT DRIVE FOR THE BRIDGE. THEN, AS THEY WERE GOING ...

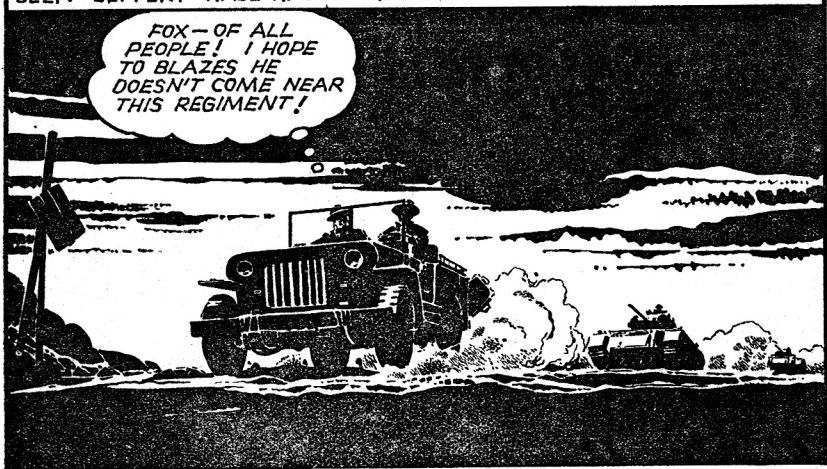
OH—ONE MORE THING! THE DIVISIONAL COMMANDER IS ILL. HIS RELIEF IS FLYING IN TOMORROW. GENERAL HUGH FOX, A CAVALRYMAN. I UNDERSTAND HE'S ON THE BALL—ALL THE TIME!



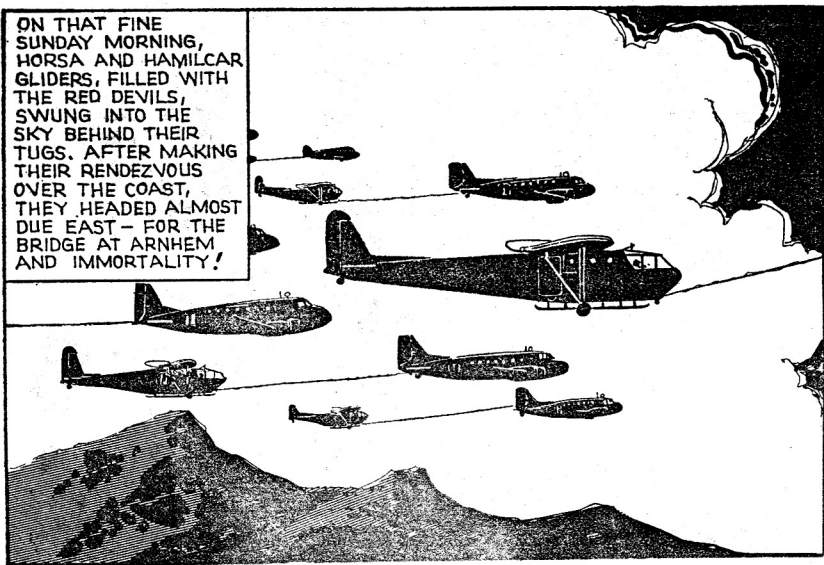


AS THE DRAGOONS DROVE UP TO THE START LINE IN THE DARK HOUR BEFORE FIRST LIGHT, A BITTER AND ANGRY MAN WAS IN THE LEADING JEEP. JEFFERY WADE HAD HEARD THE BAD NEWS...

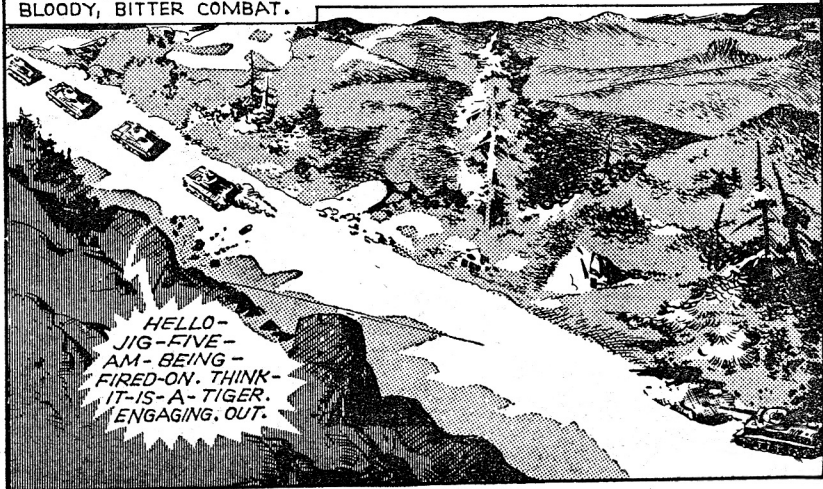
FOX—OF ALL  
PEOPLE! I HOPE  
TO BLAZES HE  
DOESN'T COME NEAR  
THIS REGIMENT!



ON THAT FINE  
SUNDAY MORNING,  
Horsa and Hamilcar  
gliders, filled with  
the Red Devils,  
swung into the  
sky behind their  
tugs. After making  
their rendezvous  
over the coast,  
they headed almost  
due east—for the  
bridge at Arnhem  
and immortality!



DOWN BELOW, THE ARMoured DIVISIONS OF THE THREE CORPS, CHARGED WITH THE TASK OF JOINING UP WITH THE AIRBORNE DIVISION AT ARNHEM, WERE BLASTING THEIR WAY ON WHAT WAS TO PROVE SIXTY-FOUR MILES OF BLOODY, BITTER COMBAT.



ON THE GERMAN SIDE TWO SIGNIFICANT DIRECTIONS HAD BEEN GIVEN. ON 5th. SEPTEMBER, FIELD-MARSHAL MODEL HAD ORDERED TWO S.S. PANZER DIVISIONS TO THE ARNHEM AREA TO REFIT. THESE THE RED DEVILS WERE TO TANGLE WITH. ALSO GENERAL WILLI BITTRICH, A MAN OF TREMENDOUS MILITARY ABILITY, HAD TAKEN COMMAND OF THE I I.S.S. PANZER CORPS.

SO THAT IS THE PLAN. A BRIDGEHEAD OVER THE RHINE AT ARNHEM. THAT IS WHERE THE BRITISH ARE HEADING. THEY WILL NOT GET THERE! I WILL BLOCK THEIR PATH IF I HAVE TO WITH OUR DEAD!

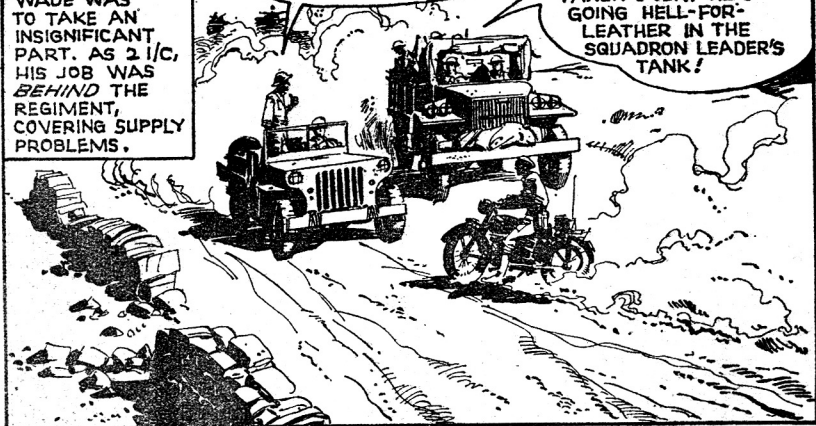


## Road To Berlin

YET IN THE GREAT BATTLE TO GAIN THE BRIDGEHEAD, MAJOR JEFFERY WADE WAS TO TAKE AN INSIGNIFICANT PART. AS 2 I/C, HIS JOB WAS BEHIND THE REGIMENT, COVERING SUPPLY PROBLEMS.

AMMO AND PETROL. 'B' SQUADRON HAVE PRIORITY! ANY SIGN OF THE C.O. UP FORWARD?

YES, SIR! HE'S UP WITH 'A' SQUADRON. MAJOR BERRY HAS HAD IT AND THE C.O. HAS TAKEN OVER. HE'S GOING HELL-FOR-LEATHER IN THE SQUADRON LEADER'S TANK!



WADE SWALLOWED HARD AS HE SAT DOWN. HE ENVIED LOCKWOOD, WITH ALL HIS BEING. HE WOULD HAVE GIVEN EVERYTHING HE POSSESSED TO BE UP THERE - LEADING A SQUADRON INTO BATTLE.

ALL RIGHT, DRIVER, BACK TO THE BASE DUMP. I'VE GOT TO CHECK THE AMMO SUPPLIES FOR THE DIVISIONAL RETURN. A CURSED PAPER BATTLE FOR ME AND YOU!

SUPPOSE IT IS, SIR.





EVERY YARD, EVERY FOOT OF THAT ROAD TO ARNHEM WAS BEING DISPUTED VIOLENTLY BY THE GERMANS. COLONEL LOCKWOOD WAS CURSING THE DARE-DEVIL GESTURE WHICH HAD LED HIM TO TAKE OVER 'A' SQUADRON.

ENEMY TANKS AT TEN O'CLOCK! LOAD A.P. FIRE ON SIGHT.

I SHOULDN'T BE BOTTLED UP IN HERE! MY JOB IS COMMANDING A REGIMENT, NOT A TANK!

HIS NOSTRILS STUNG WITH ACRID CORDITE SMOKE AS THE 75-m.m. GUN FIRED. HE FELT THE RASPING BLOW ON THE TANK'S SIDE AS AN ENEMY SHELL RICOCHETED OFF IT. SUDDENLY HE FELT TRAPPED!

OPERATOR! GIVE ME THAT HEADSET!



THE WIRELESS NET WAS OPEN AND CLEAR. LOCKWOOD BARKED OUT THE ORDERS TO THE SQUADRON'S SECOND-IN-COMMAND.

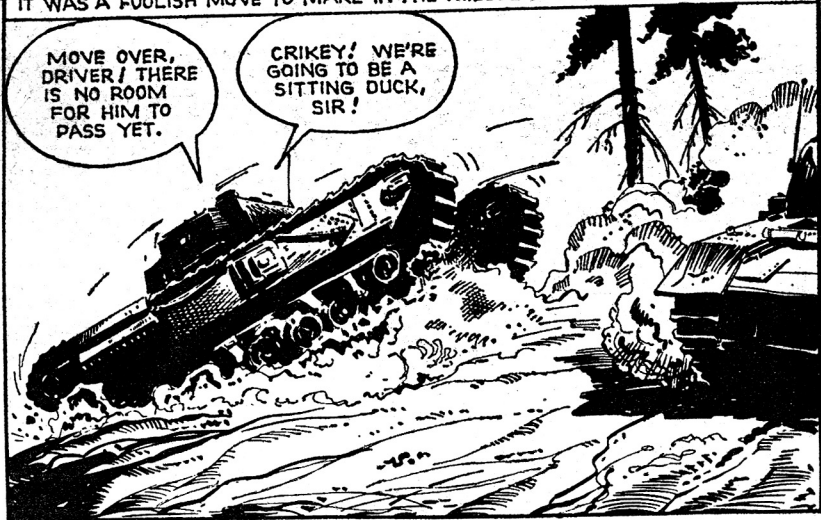
HELLO, ABLE-TWO. THIS IS ABLE-ONE. AM PULLING BACK. TAKE OVER AS SUNRAY. COME FORWARD TO LEAD POSITION. OVER.

HELLO - ABLE-ONE - THIS - IS - ABLE-TWO. ROGER, WILCO. OVER AND OUT.

IT WAS A FOOLISH MOVE TO MAKE IN THE MIDDLE OF AN ENGAGEMENT!

MOVE OVER, DRIVER! THERE IS NO ROOM FOR HIM TO PASS YET.

CRUIKEY! WE'RE GOING TO BE A SITTING DUCK, SIR!





THE TIGER TANK COMMANDER SAW HIS CHANCE. HIS SHELLS HAD BEEN RICOCHETING OFF THE HEAVY FRONTAL ARMOUR OF THE CHURCHILL, BUT NOW IT WAS PRESENTING ITS WEAKER FLANK TO HIM.

ACH! CHANGE TARGET! TAKE THE ENGLANDER BURROWING INTO THE DITCH!

THE SHELL BATTERED THROUGH THE SIDE PLATES OF LOCKWOOD'S TANK, ITS DELAYED-ACTION FUSE PREVENTING IT EXPLODING UNTIL IT WAS INSIDE. IT WAS A HIGH-EXPLOSIVE DEATH WARRANT!



AAAGH!

## Road To Berlin

THE IMPETUS OF THE ATTACK CARRIED THE DRAGOONS FORWARD WITHOUT COMPETENT LEADERSHIP THAT DAY, FOR THEIR COLONEL WAS DEAD IN A COFFIN OF HIS OWN MAKING.

LOAD H.E. NINE-TWO—  
TRAVERSE LEFT. STEADY-ON!  
SEVEN HUNDRED—AT CORNER  
OF WOOD—FIRE!

HELLO—ABLE THREE.  
IN—ABSENCE—OF—  
ORDERS—AM  
PUSHING ON—  
OUT.

THE NEWS REACHED WADE AS HE WAS RETURNING FROM THE BASE DUMP. THOUGH HE HAD NEVER FORGIVEN LOCKWOOD, HE HAD LEARNED TO LIVE WITH HIM.

KILLED! POOR DEVIL!  
BUT THIS IS WHERE  
I STEP IN! THIS  
COULD BE MY BIG  
CHANCE!

WHERE  
TO NOW,  
SIR?

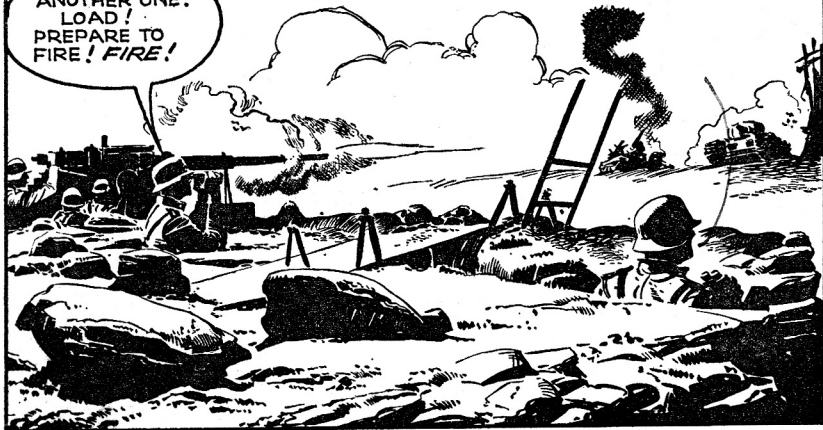
GET UP FORWARD  
AS QUICK AS  
YOU CAN! TO H.Q.  
TROOP!

THE FOUR TANKS WHICH MAKE UP THE HEADQUARTERS TROOP OF AN ARMoured REGIMENT ARE NOT OFTEN USED AS FIGHTING TANKS. THEY PROVIDE A MOBILE, ARMoured COMMAND POST - THE NERVE CENTRE OF THE REGIMENT. INSTEAD OF 75 m.m. GUNS THEY HAVE SHORT-BARRELLED 95 m.m. HOWITZERS.



THE STRONGPOINT MOUNTED AN 88 m.m. DUAL-PURPOSE GUN. AFTER ITS BIG SUCCESS AS A TANK KILLER WITH THE AFRIKA KORPS, THE GERMANS WERE FLINGING THEM INTO EVERY TANK BATTLE.

ANOTHER ONE!  
LOAD!  
PREPARE TO  
FIRE! FIRE!

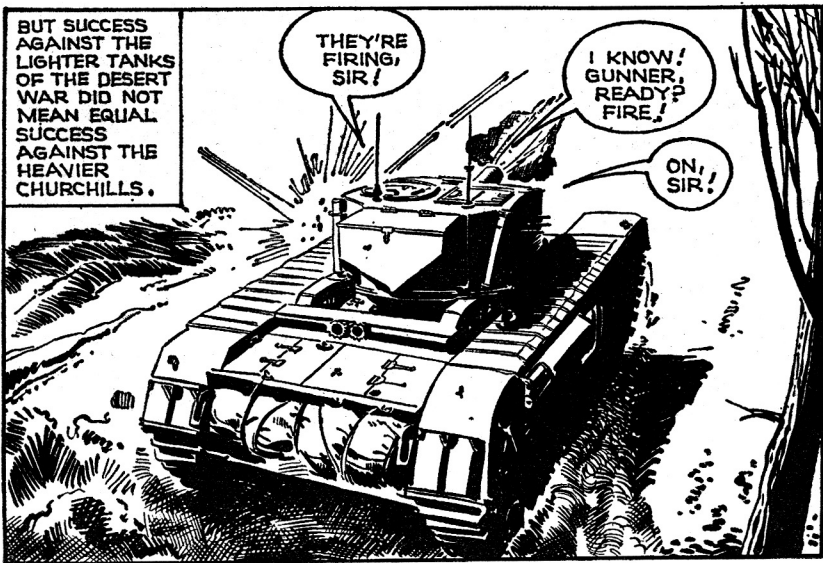


BUT SUCCESS  
AGAINST THE  
LIGHTER TANKS  
OF THE DESERT  
WAR DID NOT  
MEAN EQUAL  
SUCCESS  
AGAINST THE  
HEAVIER  
CHURCHILLS.

THEY'RE  
FIRING,  
SIR!

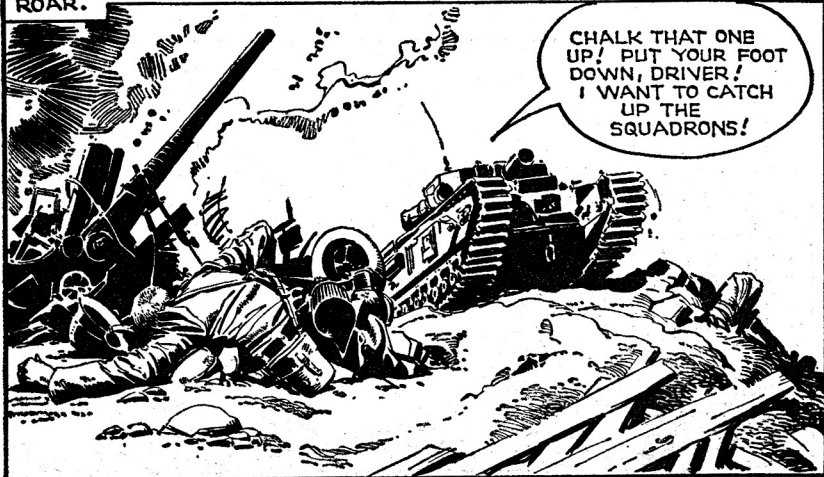
I KNOW!  
GUNNER,  
READY?  
FIRE!

ON,  
SIR!





THE GREAT PROJECTILE ALMOST LOBBED ON ITS WAY TO THE ENEMY POSITION. OVER FIFTY POUNDS OF H.E. EXPLODED WITH A SHATTERING ROAR.



THE DRAGOONS HAD THE HONOUR OF LEADING THE DRIVE TO JOIN UP WITH THE BELEAGUERED 1ST. AIRBORNE DIVISION IN ARNHEM - AND WADE WAS DETERMINED NOT TO LOSE THAT HONOUR. HE MEANT TO BE FIRST ACROSS THAT BRIDGE!



# Chapter 3. The Swinging Hook

YET- IN THE INFERNO THAT WAS ARNHEM, THE RED DEVILS HAD MET DIRE TROUBLE. THE UNEXPECTED TWO S.S. PANZER DIVISIONS HAD HIT BACK HARD. WITH EYES RED FROM LACK OF SLEEP, THE AIRBORNE TROOPS FOUGHT TO HOLD A SHRINKING PERIMETER.



THIRTY MILES  
BACK DOWN  
THE ROAD,  
A WORRIED  
GENERAL FOX  
PUT THE  
HEADSET  
DOWN IN HIS  
COMMAND  
CARAVAN.

NOT SO GOOD, PAUL.  
BITTRICH IS THROWING IN  
BRIGADE AFTER BRIGADE.  
WE'RE NOT GOING FAST  
ENOUGH AND IT'S GETTING  
CRITICAL AT ARNHEM.



THE STRAIN OF  
HIGH COMMAND  
IN MOMENTS OF  
CRISIS COULD  
BE TREMENDOUS.  
FOX WAS  
WORRIED BUT  
CALM.

THE BOYS ARE DOING  
THEIR BEST, SIR.  
THE DRAGOONS ARE  
STILL LEADING AND  
FIGHTING WELL,  
BUT IT'S NOT  
EASY.

THE DRAGOONS? YES, I'M  
GOING UP TO VISIT THEM.  
BUT, FIRST, COME INSIDE,  
I WANT TO TELL YOU OF  
THE SUPREME COMMAND  
DECISION.



FOX DROVE UP THROUGH THE SHAMBLES OF THE BACK AREAS. TIGERS AND CHURCHILLS LAY LIKE GIANT INJURED MONSTERS BY THE ROADSIDE.



YOU  
THE  
DRAGOONS?

YES, SIR.  
'CHARLIE' SQUADRON  
BACK TO RE-TANK.  
BUT WE'LL BE  
GOING UP AGAIN,  
SIR!



WHO IS  
COMMANDING  
— AND  
WHERE IS  
HE?

MAJOR WADE,  
SIR. HE WAS  
TWO I/C WHEN  
OUR C.O. WAS  
KILLED. HE'S  
UP FRONT, SIR,  
WITH H.Q.  
TROOP.

FOX GRUNTED. SO WADE HAD  
THE BIT BETWEEN HIS TEETH  
AGAIN!



THANKS, I'LL FIND  
HIM. DON'T TRY TO DO  
TOO MUCH, LIEUTENANT.  
WE WANT TO  
GET TO  
ARNHEM —  
BUT WE STILL  
NEED TANKS  
WHEN WE  
GET THERE!


MEANWHILE,  
THE HOWITZER  
ON WADE'S  
CHURCHILL  
WAS THUMPING  
INTO ACTION  
YET AGAIN.

AAAGH!



THE SWEET TASTE OF VICTORY  
WAS IN WADE'S MOUTH.

CHALK IT UP!  
WHAT'S THAT NOW?  
FOUR TIGERS, TWO  
BLOCKHOUSES AND  
THIS NEST OF  
TANK-DESTROYERS.  
NOT BAD AT  
ALL!



SIR!  
WANTED ON THE  
REGIMENTAL NET.  
THINK IT'S THE  
GENERAL.

EVEN OVER THE CRACKLE OF THE ETHER, JEFFERY WADE RECOGNISED THE VOICE OF HIS FATHER'S FORMER FRIEND.



PULL BACK, SIR? BUT I AM — YES, SIR, I UNDERSTAND. AT ONCE. WILCO. OUT.

THE SWEETNESS HAD TURNED SOUR. FOX WAS ON HIS BACK AGAIN, LIKE THE OLD MAN OF THE RIVER.



DRIVER! HALT AND LET BAKER SQUADRON GO PAST. WHEN THEY HAVE US COVERED, PULL BACK. THE GENERAL WANTS TO GIVE ME A MEDAL!

WHEN THE FORWARD SCREEN WAS IN PLACE HE WENT BACK IN OBEDIENCE TO THE GENERAL'S SHARP WIRELESS ORDER.



NOR IS IT CONVENIENT FOR ME TO COME UP FORWARD SO FAR! WHAT THE DEVIL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING, FIGHTING LIKE A TROOP LEADER WHEN YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO BE COMMANDING A REGIMENT?

YOU WANTED ME, SIR? IT IS NOT VERY CONVENIENT —



IT TOOK ALL WADE'S SELF CONTROL TO REMEMBER THAT THIS MAN WAS HIS DIVISIONAL COMMANDER.

AS YOU SAY, SIR!  
IT'S JUST THAT  
I THINK THAT'S  
THE WAY TO  
COMMAND. TO  
LEAD! THAT'S  
THE DEFINITION OF  
COMMAND,  
ISN'T IT?



IT'S ONE  
DEFINITION!  
I AM PULLING OUT  
THE DRAGOONS FROM  
THE ARNHEM DRIVE.

PULLING OUT THE DRAGOONS!  
IT MUST BE A JOKE.

YOU CAN'T  
MEAN THAT!  
WE'VE LED  
ALL THE  
WAY. WE'RE  
GOING TO  
BE FIRST  
OVER THE  
BRIDGE,  
SIR.



I DO MEAN IT! I'VE  
GOT TO DRAW OFF  
SOME GERMAN  
STRENGTH FROM THE  
MAIN THRUST. YOU  
WILL SWING OUT TO  
THE NORTH. BE A  
DECOY, IF YOU LIKE?  
JUST SO IT DRAWS OFF  
SOME OF THE GERMAN  
ARMOUR.



A DECOY! EH! YOU WERE ALWAYS FOND  
OF TRICKERY, WEREN'T YOU, GENERAL?  
SACRIFICE THE DRAGOONS - BUT IF THE  
TRICK WORKS, IT WILL BE JUSTIFIED.  
THAT'S HOW IT IS,  
ISN'T IT -  
GENERAL FOX?



## Road To Berlin

NOT BY A FLICKER  
OF AN EYELID  
DID FOX GIVE A  
CLUE TO HIS  
FEELINGS.

I'VE BEEN VERY PATIENT, WADE.  
NOW LISTEN TO ME! JUST TO THE NORTH  
OF ARNHEM ON THIS SIDE OF THE RIVER  
IS THE HAMLET OF DORP. I WANT THE  
DRAGOONS TO BREAK OUT OF THE GERMAN  
GRIP ON THE ROAD AND TAKE A SWINGING  
HOOK, AIMING FOR DORP.



TO WADE, THE  
IMPLICATION  
WAS OBVIOUS.  
FOX HAD NO  
FAITH IN HIM.

WHY DORP,  
SIR? WHY NOT  
TIMBUCTOO?

DON'T BE INSOLENT!  
YOU MUST HAVE AN  
AIMING POINT. I  
HOPE BITTRICH  
WILL THINK WE'VE  
ANOTHER PLAN AND  
WILL THROW IN  
PLENTY OF  
ARMOUR TO  
STOP  
YOU.





## Road To Berlin

ON THE GENERAL'S ORDERS ANOTHER ARMOUR'D REGIMENT LEAPFROGGED THROUGH TO THE VAN. AT THE R.V., A WHITE-FACED WADE BRIEFED HIS SQUADRON COMMANDERS WHILST HIS MEN WORKED TO PREPARE THE TANKS.



DON'T ASK ME WHY! THE BARE ORDERS ARE WE TURN NORTH AND GO FOR THE RHINE AT DORP. AND DON'T ASK ME WHAT WE DO WHEN WE GET THERE, IF WE DO!

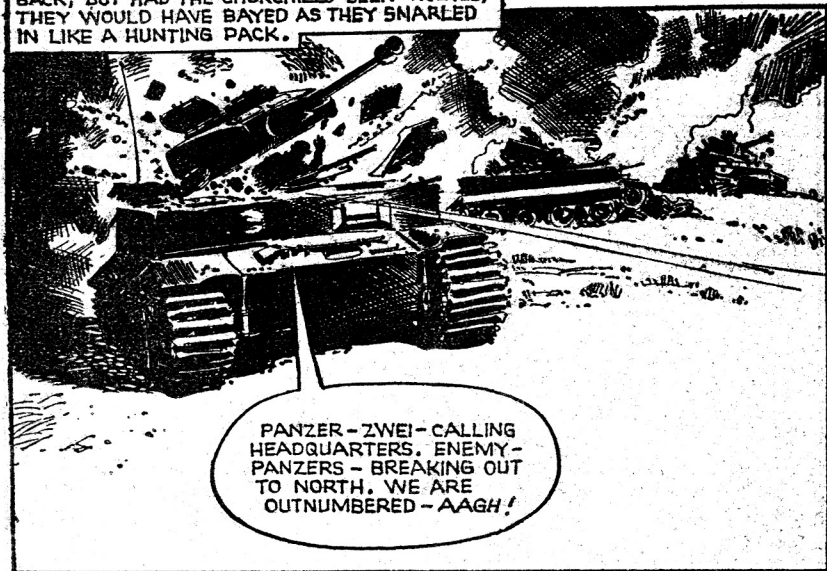
A black and white comic panel showing a close-up of a soldier's face. He is wearing a beret and looking slightly to the right with a determined expression. A speech bubble from him contains text about a plan to sacrifice German armor to reach Dorp.

BUT GET THIS! FOX THINKS HE'S SACRIFICING US TO DRAW OFF GERMAN ARMOUR FROM THE DIVISION. WELL, WE'RE NOT GOING LIKE LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTER! WE'RE GOING TO GET TO DORP - AND THEN WE CAN SPIT IN HIS EYE!

THE FRINGES OF THE REICHSWALD FOREST GAVE THEM THE CHANCE TO SLIP OFF THE ROAD. BUT WHEN THEY BROKE OUT INTO THE OPEN ...



IN THIS FRAGMENT OF THE BATTLE, THE BRITISH HAD TANK SUPERIORITY, WITH A WHOLE REGIMENT'S ARMOUR CONCENTRATED AGAINST A TROOP OF TIGERS. THE GERMANS FOUGHT BACK, BUT HAD THE CHURCHILLS BEEN WOLVES, THEY WOULD HAVE BAYED AS THEY SNARLED IN LIKE A HUNTING PACK.

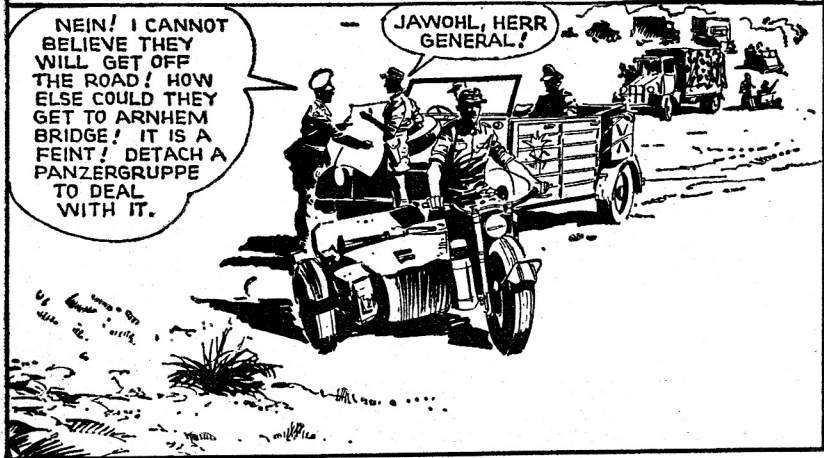


# Road To Berlin

THE NEWS FLASHED TO GENERAL WILLI BITTRICH. A COMMAND DECISION WAS NEEDED. IF THIS WAS A GENERAL CHANGE OF THE MAIN BRITISH DRIVE, HE WOULD HAVE TO SWITCH HIS WHOLE STRENGTH.

NEIN! I CANNOT BELIEVE THEY WILL GET OFF THE ROAD! HOW ELSE COULD THEY GET TO ARNHEM BRIDGE! IT IS A FEINT! DETACH A PANZERGRUPPE TO DEAL WITH IT.

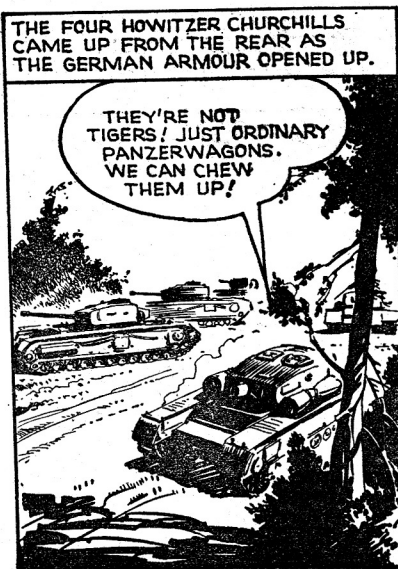
JAWOHL, HERR GENERAL!



ON HIS ORDERS, A PANZERGRUPPE HEADING FOR THE ARNHEM ROAD, MADE A WIDE SWING TO TANGLE WITH THIS INSOLENT BRITISH BREAK-OUT.

ABLE ONE-CALLING-SUNRAY. ROAD BLOCK AHEAD OF ME WITH ARMOUR BEYOND IT. AM ENGAGING. OUT.

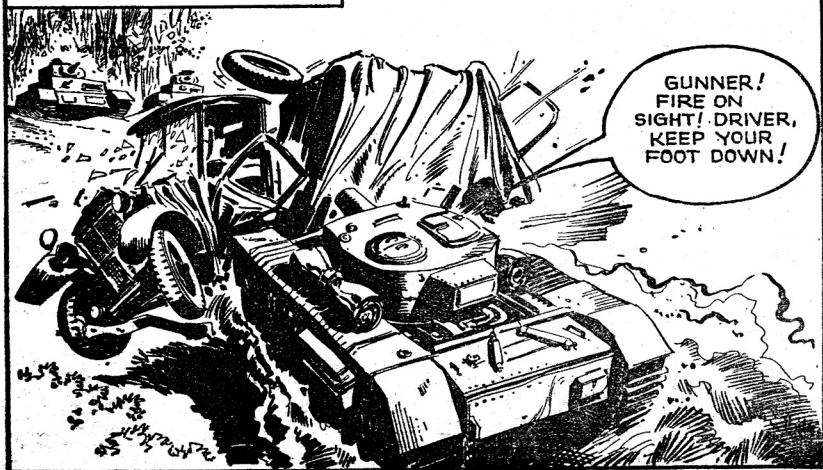






## Road To Berlin

AT WATERLOO, AT BALACLAVA, AT OMDURMAN AND IN THE KHYBER, JEFFERY WADE'S ANCESTORS HAD LED CAVALRY CHARGES — BUT NEVER ONE LIKE THIS ONE.



FOR FIFTEEN TERRIBLE, CHAOTIC MINUTES THEY FOUGHT A CLASSIC TANK BATTLE AT CLOSE RANGE. PANZERWAGONS AND CHURCHILLS STOOD TRACK TO TRACK AND SLUGGED IT OUT.



## Chapter 4. *Chance of Glory*

THEN THE DRAGOONS LICKED THEIR WOUNDS, ARRANGED FOR THE BACK LOADING OF THEIR CASUALTIES AND PREPARED TO GO ON THEIR WAY.

YOU TOOK THE HECK OF A CHANCE THEN, JEFFERY!

I MEANT TO! I'LL SHOW THE GENERAL I CAN COMMAND THE HARD WAY!



THE NEWS OF THE BREAK-THROUGH REACHED FOX AS HE SNATCHED A HASTY MEAL. IT APPEARED AS IF HE HAD ALREADY CONSIDERED THE ORDERS HE GAVE.

GOOD! NOW, THIS IS WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO, PAUL, THAT D.U.K.W. SQUADRON WE BROUGHT UP—SEND IT AFTER THEM THROUGH THE GAP. AND GET THE C.R.A. TO PUSH A MEDIUM REGIMENT THROUGH. MY ORDERS TO THE COMMANDER ARE TO FOLLOW UP THE DRAGOONS ALL THE WAY TO DORP. BY GOLLY, I THINK THEY'LL GET THERE, TOO!



## Road To Berlin

THE D.U.K.W. SQUADRON WAS ALREADY WELL FORWARD. IT SWUNG OFF THE ARNHEM ROAD INTO THE REICHWALD FOREST, INTO THE WAKE OF THE DRAGOONS.

FOLLOW THE TANKS; THEY SAID! WHAT PERISHIN' TANKS? THEY'RE WAY OUT OF SIGHT!



THE MEDIUM ARTILLERY REGIMENT OF SIX-INCH GUNS HAD TO BE BROUGHT IN FROM THE FLANKS. THEY WERE LATER IN TAKING THE BLAZED TRAIL.

YOU HAVE THE ROUTE? FOLLOW THE DRAGOONS TO DORP AND AWAIT FURTHER ORDERS.

RIGHT, SIR! ANYTHING BACKING US UP?

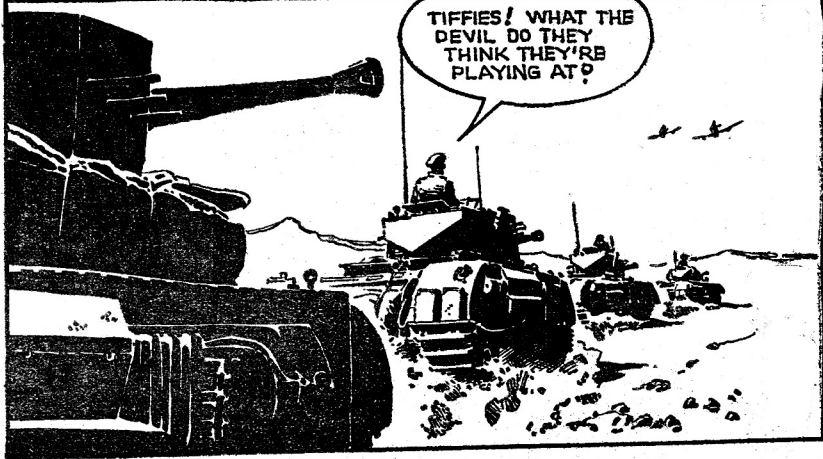
NO! YOU'RE PART OF A DECOY, IF YOU MUST KNOW!





## Road To Berlin

WADE DROVE HIS MEN THROUGH THE NIGHT. THE OPPOSITION WAS SCATTERED NOW. ONCE, AT DAWN, A TYPHOON FLIGHT MISTOOK THEM FOR ENEMY AND CAME ROCKET-SCREAMING IN TO ATTACK...



FORTUNATELY, THE FLIGHT COMMANDER WAS CLUED UP ON HIS TANK IDENTIFICATION. HE TOOK HIS FINGER OFF THE ROCKET BUTTON AS IF IT HAD BURNT HIM.

RED ONE CALLING!  
RED ONE CALLING!  
THEY'RE OURS!  
CHURCHILLS! DO  
NOT ATTACK!  
I REPEAT, DO  
NOT ATTACK!



## Road To Berlin

49

THE NEARER THEY GOT TO THE NEDER RHINE, THE STIFFER BECAME THE TASK. BITTRICH, UNWILLING TO REINFORCE WITH ARMOUR AND WEAKEN THE ARNHEM ROAD DEFENCE, PUSHED UP AN 88 m.m. BATTERY.



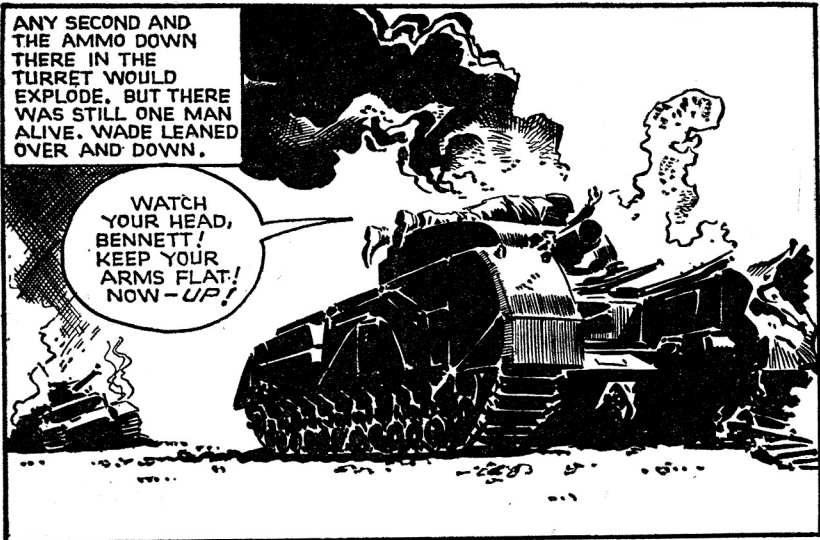
THE ARMOUR-PIERCING SHELLS FOUND THE LEADING TARGET. WADE'S TANK BEGAN TO BREW. GASPING AND CHOKING, HE LIFTED THE TURRET HATCH AND GULPED IN AIR.

HELP!  
FOR PETE'S  
SAKE, HELP  
ME OUT!

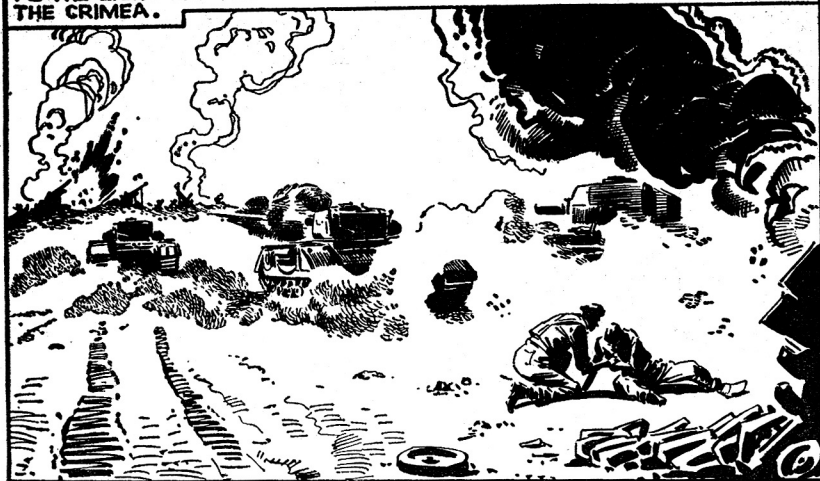


ANY SECOND AND THE AMMO DOWN THERE IN THE TURRET WOULD EXPLODE, BUT THERE WAS STILL ONE MAN ALIVE. WADE LEANED OVER AND DOWN.

WATCH YOUR HEAD, BENNETT! KEEP YOUR ARMS FLAT! NOW - UP!



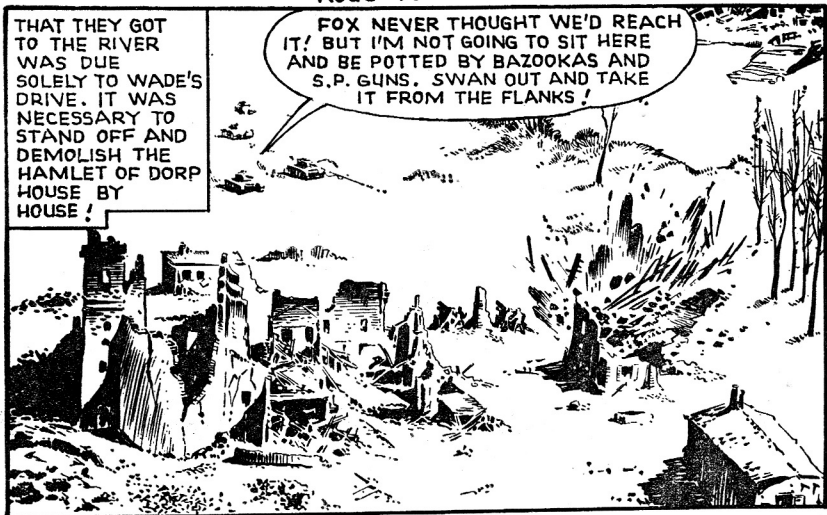
MEANWHILE, THE REMAINDER OF THE SQUADRON'S TANKS, IMPLICITLY OBEYING THEIR COMMANDER'S ORDERS, CHARGED THE GERMAN GUNS AS THE LIGHT BRIGADE HAD CHARGED THE RUSSIAN ARTILLERY IN THE CRIMEA.





THAT THEY GOT TO THE RIVER WAS DUE SOLELY TO WADE'S DRIVE. IT WAS NECESSARY TO STAND OFF AND DEMOLISH THE HAMLET OF DORP HOUSE BY HOUSE!

FOX NEVER THOUGHT WE'D REACH IT! BUT I'M NOT GOING TO SIT HERE AND BE POTTED BY BAZOOKAS AND S.P. GUNS. SWAN OUT AND TAKE IT FROM THE FLANKS!



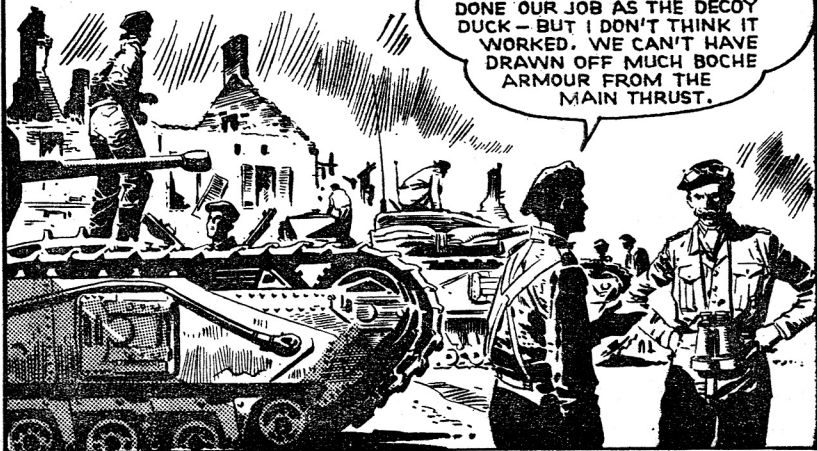
BUT EVEN AS THEY SLOGGED AT THE OPPOSITION, THEY HEARD THE WHINE OF HEAVY SHELLS WINGING OVER THEIR HEADS AND FALLING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ARNHEM ACROSS THE RIVER. BEHIND THEM, THE MEDIUM REGIMENT HAD RECEIVED NEW ORDERS.

BATTERY  
GUNFIRE!  
FIRE!



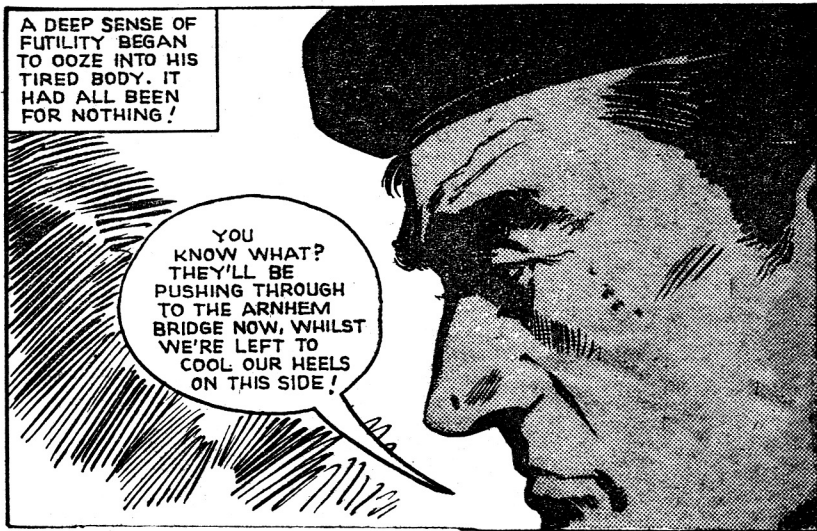
AFTER THE DEMOLITION OF DORP, WADE RESTED. THE SIX-INCH SHELLS STILL OVERSHOT THEM, CARPETING THE AREA ON THE NORTH OF THE RIVER. IT MEANT NOTHING TO HIM.

SLATER, TELL THE MEN TO TAKE FIVE AND BREW-UP, WE'VE DONE OUR JOB AS THE DECOY DUCK - BUT I DON'T THINK IT WORKED. WE CAN'T HAVE DRAWN OFF MUCH BOCHE ARMOUR FROM THE MAIN THRUST.



A DEEP SENSE OF FUTILITY BEGAN TO OOOZE INTO HIS TIRED BODY. IT HAD ALL BEEN FOR NOTHING!

YOU KNOW WHAT? THEY'LL BE PUSHING THROUGH TO THE ARNHEM BRIDGE NOW, WHILST WE'RE LEFT TO COOL OUR HEELS ON THIS SIDE!



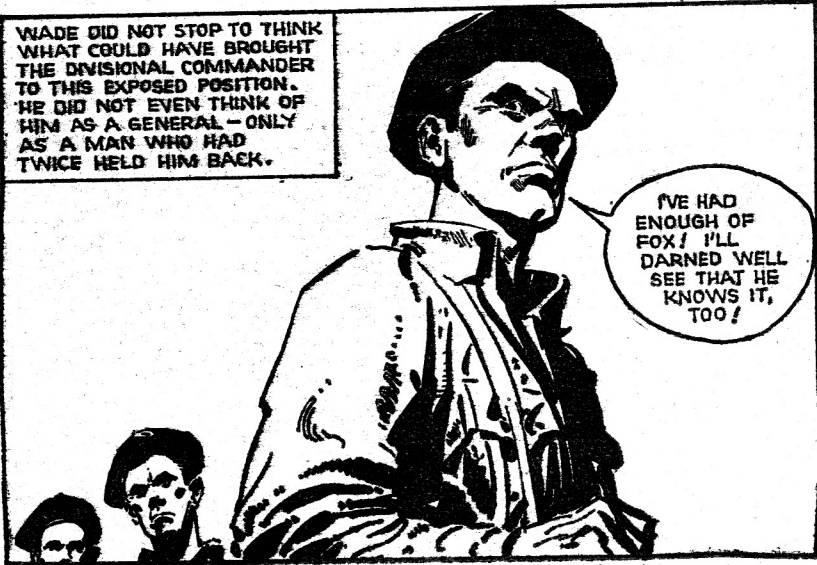
DUSK CAME AND STILL THEY HAD RECEIVED NO ORDERS. WADE STARED AT THE NEDER RHINE. TO COME SO FAR—AND THEN BE HELD BACK!

JEFFERY! THAT'S THE GENERAL'S COMMAND VEHICLE! THE OLD MAN HIMSELF HAS COME TO DEKKO THE RIVER!



WADE DID NOT STOP TO THINK WHAT COULD HAVE BROUGHT THE DIVISIONAL COMMANDER TO THIS EXPOSED POSITION. HE DID NOT EVEN THINK OF HIM AS A GENERAL—ONLY AS A MAN WHO HAD TWICE HELD HIM BACK.

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF FOX! I'LL DARNED WELL SEE THAT HE KNOWS IT, TOO!



HE HAD FORGOTTEN DISCIPLINE,  
EVERYTHING!

WE GOT HERE, YOU  
SEE! NOW WHAT?  
SIT ON OUR HAUNCHES AND  
BAY TO THE MOON WHILE  
THE DIVISION ROMPS OVER  
THE BRIDGE? I TELL YOU,  
FOX, IF I COULD RESIGN IN  
WAR, I'D FLING MY  
PAPERS INTO YOUR FACE  
RIGHT NOW!

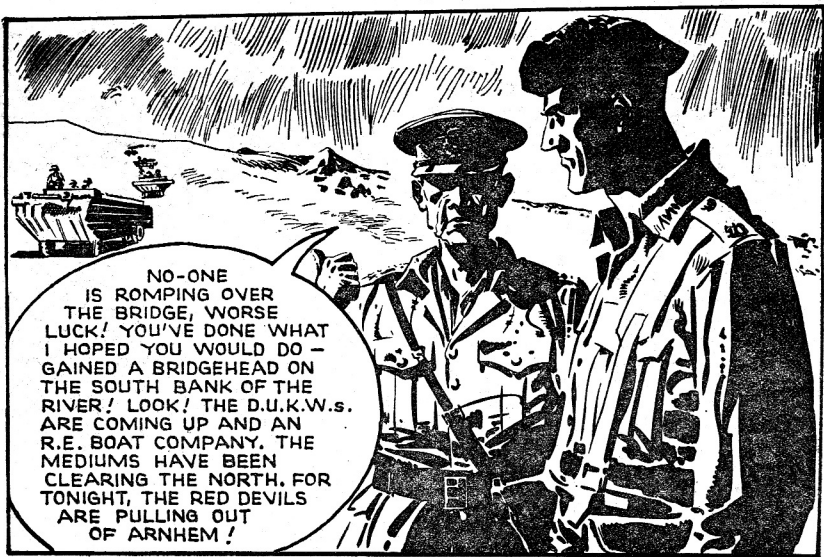


IN ONE BRIEF FLASH OF MEMORY,  
FOX REMEMBERED THAT CHAOTIC  
DAY ON MANOEUVRES, WHEN  
WADE HAD LOST CONTROL OF  
HIMSELF.

NOW HOLD YOUR  
HORSES, JEFFERY—  
AND LISTEN!



NO-ONE  
IS ROMPING OVER  
THE BRIDGE, WORSE  
LUCK! YOU'VE DONE WHAT  
I HOPED YOU WOULD DO —  
GAINED A BRIDGEHEAD ON  
THE SOUTH BANK OF THE  
RIVER! LOOK! THE D.U.K.W.s.  
ARE COMING UP AND AN  
R.E. BOAT COMPANY. THE  
MEDIUMS HAVE BEEN  
CLEARING THE NORTH. FOR  
TONIGHT, THE RED DEVILS  
ARE PULLING OUT  
OF ARNHEM!



WITH THE GROUND CUT FROM BENEATH HIS FEET, WADE DID NOT ARGUE. INSTEAD HE GOT THE REMAINS OF HIS REGIMENT ON THE TASK OF HELPING THE MEDIUM ARTILLERY TO SOFTEN UP THE NORTHERN BANK.

SQUADRON  
GUNFIRE!  
LOAD H.E. AND  
FIRE!



THAT NIGHT, ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE AIRBORNE DIVISION HEADED FOR THE RELIEF ROUTE ACROSS THE RHINE...

STEADY, BOYS!  
KEEP TO THE TAPES! THE  
TAPES WILL LEAD YOU.

WHAT *DID* HAPPEN  
TO THAT CORPS  
WHICH WAS GETTING  
HERE IN A COUPLE  
OF DAYS?

WHO CARES NOW?  
SOME OF 'EM MUST  
HAVE REACHED  
THE RIVER, THOUGH!



THAT NIGHT, OVER TWO THOUSAND OF THEM GOT BACK ACROSS THE RHINE. TWO THOUSAND OUT OF THE 8,900 OFFICERS AND MEN WHO HAD DROPPED ON ARNHEM.

THIS WAY, CHAPS!  
CARRY STRAIGHT ON  
PAST THE CHURCHILLS.  
THE TRUCKS ARE  
WAITING FOR YOU.

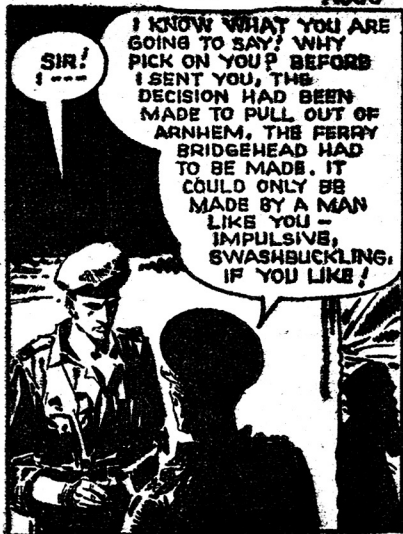


YET SOMEHOW, FOR WADE, IT ALL SEEMED WORTHWHILE. IF HIS REGIMENT HAD NOT REACHED THE RIVER - WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THESE MEN?

THANKS, MATE!  
I'M ABOUT ALL IN  
AND THAT'S FOR  
SURE! ME FOR  
A WEEK OF  
SHUTEYE!

WADE  
- HAND HIM  
OVER TO SOMEONE  
ELSE. I WANT  
TO TALK TO  
YOU.





IF WADE HAD KNOWN TWO THOUSAND LIVES DEPENDED ON HIS GETTING TO THE RIVER, HE MIGHT HAVE LOOKED TWICE AT EVERY CHANCE TAKEN.





ONE EVENING IN 1950, BRIGADIER JEFFERY WADE, C.B.E., D.S.O., STOOD AGAIN IN THE MESS OF THE DRAGOONS. IT WAS A SPECIAL OCCASION, FOR A NEW PORTRAIT HAD BEEN HUNG ON THE WALL THAT DAY.

THAT'S OUR SECOND, FIELD-MARSHAL, SIR! PERHAPS ONE DAY—YOUR PORTRAIT WILL MAKE THE THIRD!

QUIT THE FLATTERING, JOHNNY! FIELD-MARSHAL HUGH FOX—THERE'S A MAN WHO DESERVED TO REACH THE TOP! A MAN OF GREAT VISION. A MAN, JOHNNY, WHO ONCE GAVE ME MY CHANCE OF GLORY!



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2/12/63



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